



"LIBERTY—FRATERNITY—UNITY"—THE WATCHWORDS OF THE RACE.

VOL. II.—NO. 3.]

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER, 1853.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS;

DEVOTED TO

Principles of Reform, Philosophy of Nature, Facts and Phenomena, Topics of the Times, Useful and Polite Literature, and General Intelligence.

Published monthly, at Fifty cents per annum, by the
HARMONIAL ASSOCIATION,
No. 100 Nassau-street, New-York City.

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Harmonial Publishing House.

By reference to another department of the *Journal*, our readers will find a list of books selected and kept for sale by the Harmonial Association of this city. It will be seen that this list comprises those works which have the most intimate relation to the constitution, laws, and improvement of Man,—viewing him in the several stages of his progress as he ascends the majestic scale of being, which reaches from his lowest rudimental state to his entrance into a higher Sphere. In this selection the sublimated principles of Spiritual Philosophy are viewed as constituting the loftiest portions of the divine temple of Truth, which must rest on the deep foundation of physiological laws and conditions,—while all these combined have a natural tendency toward the enlightenment and reformation of the race, as the ultimate end towards which they are directed. Let these works be read, studied and practiced, and the world will grow rapidly wiser and better.

Principles of Reform.

AN EXAMINATION OF EVANGELICAL THEOLOGY.

THE PLAN OF REDEMPTION

SANDUSKY, Ohio, August 20., 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND : Let us return, if you please, to the discussion of this important subject.

In the first two thousand years, although he was with them personally much more than at present, they became so utterly depraved, that his utmost mercy could save only Noah, and his family of seven persons, from destruction. Supposing the earth then contained but one fourth of its present population, we find that but one in twenty five millions was saved. Or, if they were then degenerated two hundred and fifty times below the average, we can put down only two out of a million who were righteous. In the next two thousand years, of his second trial, it seems the whole world, except the Jews, were rebellious, and they too had become so wicked that they crucified their Savior. Ten out of a million would be a large estimate as the number saved during that period. God had promised after the flood never to destroy the world again ; and though his wrath could not spare Sodom and Gomorrah, he seems to have been strongly influenced by his promise, or perhaps instead of suffering an ignominious death upon the cross, he would have annihilated every living being, and never again have tried his skill upon such wicked and refractory subjects, as he had found his Earth-children to be. But as we are taught to believe, fortunately, and to his eternal glory, *he spares them*, though *they kill him*, by the most painful tortures. He now returns good for evil, and tries the law of mercy for that of revenge, as we shall see with somewhat better results. In one thousand eight hundred and twenty years, or nearly another cycle of time, we find the world generally to be pagans, infidels and heretics. The only professing christians, occupying a part of Europe and America, are divided by schisms, denouncing each other as heretics, and have always cut each other's throats when there was not conservative influence enough of free-thinkers, to restrain them. Even in the very smallest church, we find opinions from doubts to certainties, that its members are in many ir-

stances unregenerated and yet pardoned. Catholics revile Protestants; Presbyterians revile Universalists; and taking the opinions of the church for each other as a basis of calculation, scarcely one in thirty is a christian; and supposing that but one thirtieth of the ten millions of church members to be true christians, but three hundred thousand out of one thousand millions of the world's population have a hope of salvation. Say, however, ten times as many as we have just supposed, will be saved, and in this enlightened age, after one thousand eight hundred and twenty years of God's efforts, and three millions are saved, while nine hundred and ninety-seven millions are lost—lost eternally—doomed to eternal wretchedness and woe! Every century witnesses four of such dreadful epochs; and taking the dark and early ages of the christian era into consideration, when the percentage of believers was far less than at present, the picture, black as it already is, would be glossed with deeper shades. We can thus see that from the creation of the world to the present time, not over one in thirty to fifty thousand could have been saved. All the rest must have sunk into the depths of eternal misery! Perhaps you will say, a large number who died in infancy should be deducted from this calculation. If so, you must remember that until the last thirty or forty years, the doctrine was universally preached, that "mankind were conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity;" "that, unless regenerated, they must be damned;" "that the wicked should be turned into hell, and all the nations that forgot God." Such is the spirit of doctrines that have not yet been dismissed from the world. Christians of the present day find them too repulsive to be entertained, and hence are relaxing and explaining away many of the severities which were until recently maintained.

In thus analyzing and reviewing the fundamental doctrines of christianity, it is taxing human nature too strongly, to refrain from expressing the horror, which the least spark of humanity must have for such sentiments! The pirate, and even tiger, would immensely degrade his already savage nature, who would spare but one in thirty thousand victims! No example in history can be found of such utter depravity! What, then, must be the character of a Deity, who, eschewing evil, and claiming infinite, perfect and holy attributes, should for so slight a sin (sin! a monstrous perversion of language!) as yielding to an overpowering temptation placed purposely in his victim's way, with the full knowledge, and of course intent that he could, or should not resist it, become so infuriated that thirty thousand of the innocent children of these unhappy parents, for near six thousand years, should become food for glowing flames and raging fires, while only one is made happy!

Talk not of God's mercy, of his efforts to bring men unto salvation, of his earnest desire that they should be saved, and of his dying and shedding his blood for their sins! Away with such blasphemy! Better let the one go with the twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine than have such monstrous falsehood, and unparalleled hypocrisy, allowed an existence! I know the common way of glossing over, and concealing such horrid conclusions, is by representing that the good Deity is opposed, and has his best intentions and efforts counteracted, by an Evil Personage. To say nothing of the ridiculous farce tempting man from his happy and holy state, for no other purpose, apparently, than for the Deity to try the strength and skill of his own powers, (laying out of view the misery we have just been calculating as its results,) it is far from elevating the character of an all-wise, perfect, and holy being, to think that he is waging a contest with an adversary of his own creation, whom with all the universe besides, he holds in the hollow of his hand, and yet is vanquished twenty nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times, where he gains but a single victory! What should we think of a general of high-sounding pretensions, from whom we hear nothing but defeats daily for eighty years, before he meets with a single success? Why we should have to live a second long life-time to know that he was ever victorious! Yet this Deity of infinite knowledge and wisdom must have known when creating his adversary, that he would annihilate and destroy the gigantic schemes which he in time would ardently desire to accomplish.

The question unavoidably arises, how He could, in a moment of

wrath, subject man to such severe penalties, that his cool deliberations for four thousand years could concoct nothing better than the salvation of one, to the misery of twenty nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine. It is futile to even attempt the justification of such a character; and human language fails in epithets sufficiently severe to express our horror of it! Vengeance must be steeped in wrath, and the concentrated venom poisoned with utter depravity, to enable the vilest wretch to entertain an adequate conception of a being so infinitely beneath himself; for human nature is incapable of such cruelty, which is, beyond all measure enhanced, by the hypocritical profession of mercy.

Revolted as this picture is, I think no candid person will gainsay the assertion, that it presents anything more than a correct view of Evangelical Theology in its nakedness, or as it is preached to the world, divested only of the vast number of incidental matters usually and artfully connected with it. We are now merely looking at the superstructure at a distance just sufficient, to give us a comprehensive and entire view of its exterior, without being bewildered and confused with its interior labarintns, or intricacies. And to obtain this view, I know I am but occupying the grounds acknowledged by professing christians generally, to be the real ones, upon which their religion is based. What a lamentable proof of the weakness of human nature! A subject is here presented which civilized mankind almost universally revere with profound adoration, and suppose it not only a lovely and fearful truth, but that infidelity thereto injures our moral characters here, and subjects us to eternal misery hereafter. And yet, stripped of the sacred cloak of superstition, so tenaciously held by interested ministers, and dogmatical believers, over its being, it presents a mass of corrupted and sickening morals, from which the beholder recoils with horror! In its gilding and trappings it appears so beautiful and pleasing that woman, the tender-hearted and affectionate creature, is its worshiper; while in its reality, the most inhuman monster has never yet equaled it for savage cruelty! Well might we wonder how in this enlightened age of the world, when Science and Truth are exploding and demolishing the crumbling edifices, which ancient Superstition and Ignorance reared in the dark and benighted ages, that this relic, which for dark revolting deeds and complete barbarism surpasses them all with so little (1) to approve, and so much (29,999) to condemn was not the very first to be swept out of existence! And yet, when we look abroad upon the world and see the vast pecuniary interests at stake, the multitudes of ministers, cardinals, popes and other officers, dependent for their wealth upon the perpetuation of this sinecure, our wonder ceases, that the error, wicked and monstrous as it is, is kept alive, and every effort used to make it grow rank and vigorous. Our knowledge of the power of selfish passions, hazards the assertion, that were the doctrines, if possible immensely more revolting to principles of justice and mercy, the same pecuniary influences would cause the necessary exertion to uphold and sustain them. I know the assertion is a strong and lamentable one; but my experience warrants the further statement, that if not true in fact, many professing christians would, if they possessed the power, make them so, in reality. Hence we need never expect, while the selfish principle is nurtured as it now is, that adherence to truth will cause the demolition of frauds and errors, so long as wealth and power still continue to flow from them. Let these streams dry up; and then, to a certainty, will the pool become extinct, for where there is neither honor nor profit, we may safely calculate that delusions, with nothing but misery and poverty for attractions, will not be long cherished.

I have, however, already extended this letter far beyond the moderate limits I at first contemplated, and must draw to a close. I propose in my next to examine the basis, or evidence, upon which the theological superstructure rests, with some comments upon the results which have accrued to mankind from their existence. And as we have just been considering the principles and effects of evangelical teachings, we will turn our attention to the history upon which they are based, and see whether it, too, presents only a picture of horrors too monstrous for human nature to entertain, and too incredible for human belief!

DEMOCRACY vs. REPUBLICANISM.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

Few persons are aware of the world-wide difference between Democracy and Republicanism. They have been, and are, for the most part, regarded as cousin-german. Kindred blood is supposed to flow in the veins of each, and that they are both the offspring of the Love of Liberty innate in man. But this is a great mistake. They have little or nothing in common, nor can they in any way be reconciled, allied or amalgamated. Let us investigate this subject; not only because it throws light upon our true relations toward each other, in a social point of view, but also upon our spiritual nature. I will try and make the paper short, and put as much into it as possible.

A MONARCHY is the arbitrary authority of one man over many or over a Nation, and whether it is defined by Constitutions or not, it is synonymous with Despotism, Tyranny, and the like.

AN ARISTOCRACY is the like arbitrary authority of a privileged Class over the Many.

A REPUBLIC is the like arbitrary authority of the Majority over the Minority—the right of the strongest party to rule.

DEMOCRACY is the Right of every Individual over, and to govern himself. Self-government.

Still further simplified, they stand thus; viz:

Monarchy—the arbitrary government of the Many by one.

Aristocracy—the arbitrary government of the Many by a PRIVILEGED CLASS.

Republicanism—the arbitrary government of the Minority by the Majority.

Democracy—Self-government, or the Right of every individual to govern himself.

You will perceive that in the first three, Monarchy, Aristocracy and Republicanism, there is an *element* that is not found in Democracy, viz: Arbitrary Power, or Authority. They may be truly said to be cousin-german—to have Kindred blood, and undoubtedly have a striking family resemblance. No matter how you *combine*, or modify them, they still retain this element; whereas, Democracy is wholly expurgated of this arbitrary ingredient. Under a Monarchy all are slaves but one; that is, all are more or less coerced and restrained, or *subject* to coercion or restraint, against their consent, but one man. Under an Aristocracy all are slaves—are more or less coerced and restrained, or subject thereto, against their consent, but a few. Under a Republic, the minority only are slaves—are subject to coercion and restraint, against their consent. But under a Democracy all are FREE. Hence you see that between Democracy and Republicanism there is a radical and fundamental difference. The difference between Monarchy, Aristocracy and Republicanism, is a difference only in *degree*, and the mode by which Arbitrary Power is invested and applied. But Democracy is free from the element of arbitrariness—free from all coercion and restraint against the Individual's consent.

Now surely, if one man is free—if in virtue of his *being* a man he is entitled to the complete control of himself, divested of all arbitrary authority whatever, then all men are thus free. It is a law of their Natures, and can never be extinguished by any rule *foreign* to the man himself—not even by himself. The laws of his Nature incessantly assert themselves, and are in perpetual protest against all antagonist institutions. But more of this by-and-by.

A Majority has no more right to coerce or restrain me against my consent than a Monarch or Despot has. Both may be equally aggressive and despotic. I don't know but my chances would be infinitely better with a good Monarch than with a headstrong and reckless Majority. There would, perhaps, be more likelihood of my escaping the Tyranny. It is all folly to say that the chances are in favor of the majority's being right. They are oftener with the few who think calmly for themselves. And if they are right, that does not entitle them to coerce me. My right to judge for myself is sacred, springing up from the very fountains of my being, and no law of a

tyrannical Majority can take it away from me. If I judge wrongly, the right is not impaired, nor does it entitle you to suppress it. Let me find it out in the way God and Nature intended I should, viz: by its *results to me in practice*, then I will correct it myself. Republicanism is the Right of the Strongest Party to coerce and restrain the Weakest—to put laws upon them, to proscribe their actions, regulate their conduct, and control their pursuit of happiness against their consent. Wherein does the exercise of this Authority by a Majority differ from the like exercise of a like authority by the Dey of Algiers, the Khan of Tartary, or Nicholas of Russia? Is it not just here? In the former case there are not so many slaves but more Despots; in the latter case there are more slaves, and fewer Despots. The *principle* is essentially the same. Each is aggressive, Despotism and monopolizing, and in irreconcilable hostility to the Democratic Idea. The one can not breathe the atmosphere—can not even live where the other is.

Now, pure, unalloyed, Heaven-born Democracy, is the natural and inextinguishable Right of every Individual to govern himself, at his own cost. In other words, it is the "Sovereignty of the Individual, exercised at his own cost." His Right to pursue his own Happiness, according to his own Private Judgment, taking upon *himself* all the immediate and remote consequences of that pursuit. Here then is no *foreign* rule—no arbitrary assumption of authority over him—no tyrant's mandate, nor majority's vote against him; but he is his own law, his own Church and State. He is in no way oppressed, or tarried, or tyrannized. He has no one to accuse, or blame, and is, of course, in amity and accord with his fellow man. My Right to govern myself, with the limitation aforesaid, is a part of my Nature—the "Higher Law"—and can not be legislated away by a majority, any more than my existence can be legislated away. I can not myself cede it to the majority, in prior convention, or by social compact, any more than I can cede you my Individuality. It still attaches to me as before, and will ever attach to me, both in this world and in the next. Democracy, therefore, is a "*finality*"—a Divine Institution, and as everlasting as the God that made it; whereas Republicanism is only a *transitional* expedient—only a temporary maneuver, and in the long cycles of time, evanescent as the passing cloud that obscures the sunshine! The only tenable ground that Republicanism can stand upon is "Expediency." It has no other birth—no other destiny; and we all know that expediency is but a temporary shift, and implies a true order to come—a goal yet to be reached, just as the scaffolding testifies an edifice yet unfinished. So likewise is it with all the dogma that Republicanism has begotten, such, for instance, as the "greatest good to the greatest number," "Civil and Political Liberty," the abstractions called the "State," Legislative, Executive, Judiciary, and the like, all of which are but the lumbering prefixes and affixes to the Man that God made. "The greatest good to the greatest number," as a transitional or provisional measure, is well enough, and I affirm it; but as a finality it is false and abominable, and I centrifugate it with all my revulsive energies, as the exact counterpart of the Predestinarian dogma of the Calvinist, that God predestinated a part of the Human family to eternal Perdition, and part to Eternal Happiness! The good of *All* is the Democratic and Divine formula.

It seems to me that no person of any sense, will deny that Democracy, as above defined, is the true and only Democracy, and that *that*, and none other, is what he means when he calls himself a Democrat when he says that all Civil and Political Power is with the People: that the People are the sovereigns; and that officers are only trustees or servants of the People. And what else does he mean when he says "People," but you, and I, and the rest of us?—a vast number of separate Individualities? Of course, then, he means, when he says the People are the Sovereigns, and have all the Power, that *that* Sovereignty is with the *Individuals* who make up the People; and that each individual has the Power and Right to govern himself, and *none other*. What, now, is this, but saying that Democracy is the "Sovereignty of each Individual exercised at his own cost?" This is the true and only Democracy, and torture it as you will, you can make nothing

more of it. It is a natural inherent Right and cannot be ceded away even by the man himself. It seems to me, I say, that no reasonable and candid man will deny that he is such a Democrat. Very well. Now if you are, and affirm this to be the true and only democracy, then you are unequivocally committed to all its issues; and see that your Practice is in keeping with your Professions. Let me try your courage; let me see if you will shrink from the legitimate and inevitable results of your Democracy. The inalienable Sovereignty of each individual over himself, and exercised by him, at his own cost, leads to the abolition of all civil (other) authority over man, whatever; it cancels all constitutions, sinks all creeds, abrogates all conventions, demolishes all Nationalities, annuls all statutes, notifies the President and Senators and members of Congress, that their services are no longer needed: depletes the Treasury: abolishes all chartered privileges, breaks up all "establishments," disbands the Police, and dissolves all our institutions. It extinguishes all coercive and restraining Authority over the Individual, and leaves him a *Freeman* beneath the broad heavens, and places him in just and true relations with his fellow man. Are you prepared to take these consequences of the principle you have adopted and profess? "O!" you say: "Well—but—I don't know that I am just ready to go so far—it is too radical and revolutionary for me—can't you reconcile Democracy with civil establishments?" No! civil establishments are Despotic; they rest upon the will of the Majority; they are the creatures of the Strongest Party, and coerce and restrain the minority. Let me ask you a few questions. Has man the best right to himself? Does he belong to himself? Has he a right to govern himself at his own cost? Are his native instincts, faculties and passions *before*, or after your institutions? Did he make them, or did they make him? Was he made for them, or were they made for him? Is he more sacred than they, or are they more sacred than he? Is the Congressman more important than the people? In short, are you a Democrat? If you are, and govern yourself at your own cost, what need have you for a Congressman? What for a Judge? What for a Police Officer, to stand over you with a mace? If each Individual governs himself at his own cost, where is the aggression? Where is the thief, and the burglar? Whose money is that in the Treasury? Is it not the People's? Whose Power is that in the President? Is it not the People's? Whose judicial Power is that in the Judge? Whose authority is it the Congressman has? Whose statutes are those in the Books? Are they not each and all the People's? And do you not see, that if each individual is a true Democrat, and governs himself at his own cost, he withdraws from the President his quorum of Presidential Power, from the Judge his quorum of Judicial Power, from the Statute book his quorum of the statute, from the Treasurer his quorum of the amount, from the Congressman his quorum of Legislative Power, and from the Police Officer his quorum of Executive Power; and that then all these "establishments" die out, and their very stamina and life blood return to their primary source in the Individual? No. Sir! The "White House" is not half as sacred as your own Democratic Mansion—your "Castle;" and if each of you governs himself at his own cost, and according to his own Private Judgement, there is no aggression, no *crime*, and you go no longer to conventions, to dicker about how you shall be governed, and perchance be overruled by a majority.

I have said that Democracy, as above defined, is a Divine Institution—that it is indelibly written in the Nature of Man—daily fresh from the hands of the Creator, and that it cannot be ceded away, nor extinguished, that all Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Power springs from the Individual, and belongs to him, that Democracy recognizes it as his, and leaves the exercise of it with him, and that all other authority, whether it be assumed by the Majority, by an Aristocracy, or by a Monarch, is essentially aggressive and despotic. That this is true is attested by the perpetual indwelling *connatus* of the Individual to throw off all restraints—his incessant protest and rebellion against all Arbitrary Authority over him. He ceaselessly pants to be free, and daily seeks to throw off his fetters; and shall he never succeed? shall he never stand erect in his own Sovereignty, and, be a law unto himself? *He will.*

All ye who have come under the Democratic standard, and marched with it to the Half-Way House, and find your courage failing, stop short and go back. You will shortly be between the fires of the contending armies. If you have not the moral prowess to go forward to Democracy's goal, you are in a terrible dilemma, and I advise you to go back at once to Monarchy and the Papacy.

Pittsburgh, Sept. 5th, 1853.

INDIVIDUALITY.

ONE of the most remarkable tendencies of the age is toward a stronger and truer individuality of the common mind. It needs but a glance to see that very important changes of this nature are now going on. In ancient times the chief nations of the earth were divided, secularly, into the few masters and many slaves—sacerdotally, into priests and lay members; for the PEOPLE, properly so called, were not to be found on either hand, and both classes exhibited the Many governed by the Few. The Lords were the depositories and absorbents of civil rights, and the Priests of learning, power, and authority in spiritual matters. To question the dictum of the first was treason; of the last, heresy. There were many bodies to one head; and that every man should have, and of right exercise, a head of his own, was taught neither by Lords nor Priests, and therefore could only by the power of a divine revelation, penetrate the masses. Under such circumstances the mind and character could no more attain their true proportions—or even any competent knowledge of them—than the body could grow to its full size, harnessed in a garment of steel made to fit the form of the infant.

The attempt to establish the democratic principle in the government of this country, has already done much to extend the life and power of Freedom—universally. The external, or political bonds are giving way; but the interior, or spiritual fetters still adhere. The Minister is the legal and accepted heir of the Priest, and for the most part he does all the overt thinking. In most churches there is, apparently, a dead level of thought and feeling—an utter stagnation of individual life—very little inferior to what might have been found some centuries ago in the bosom of Popery. But this is not real. Individual power, and a sense of individual right—especially in moral and religious matters—are rapidly concentrating. Men are already beginning to be conscious of their individual unity—their wholeness—or of their right to have, hold, and exercise all their own powers. They are vitalizing and spiritualizing the Declaration of Independence. The great sentiments of that immortal scroll cannot be much longer a dead letter. Like the winged germs of autumnal flowers they are flying off, to plant themselves, and grow, and enrich many a desert soul—until the common mind shall attain a consciousness of its divine unity, and rise and expand into the just proportions of an unchecked unfettered Manhood.

F. H. G.

REFORMERS.

TRUE Reformers are always deemed rash men by the world. Christ was crucified, and for what? To enable the wicked to live in sin and vice. Socrates was forced to drink poison, and why? To enable the youth under his charge to continue pagans, and the worshippers of thirty thousand gods. Gallileo was persecuted, and why? To make converts to superstition. It was called rashness in Luther, when he declared that he would go to the Diet of Worms, if there were as many devils there as tiles on the houses of his enemies. Wesley preached against bishops, despite all his brethren could say on the subject. Most sects and parties profess to be reformers; but too many of them wish to *form* and *reform* the world according to their own particular *ism*, and not to reform sin, vice, intemperance, and crime out of it. Purity of life and action arise from true reforms. Wicked men and tyrants are alarmed at revolutions—witness the monarchists in France, England, and Austria. But truth will rise, and true reformers should never despair, for the "good time is coming." Hope on, and persevere!—[*Boston Investigator.*]

Philosophy of Nature.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

By slow gradations God has unfolded himself in nature. This fact was unknown to the early bards ; and thus, in lofty poetic mood, they sang : " God said ' Let there be light, and there was light.' " Now, that we are children of a little larger growth, Science has opened to us a pathway of light, treading which we continually approach the glorious sun of Truth. Why the earth was not at once clothed with brightness and beauty, the sea-shore strewn with pearls, and the sky delicately fringed with rose-tint, amber and gold, is known only to the One ; but the fact that from chaos sprang all the perfection of form that now animates and enraptures the soul in nature, is proof conclusive that Progress is a law of God.

When man became an individualized existence, the earth had attained its manhood and was a fit home for the new-born soul. Its mighty convulsions had ceased ; its rank vegetation had been converted into fruitful soil ; and its monstrous and unsightly animals had given way to those of more delicate and symmetrical structure ; but the tremendous war of elements, the apparent inharmony and imperfection from which so much beauty and harmony were evolved, defy Imagination's wildest pinion.

Between the development of the earth and that of man, there is a striking analogy. As far back as we can trace the history of the race, we find mentally a chaos. Truly infantile and imbecile were the first efforts of the child-man to give embodiment to his thought, either in action or language ; and much more puerile were all attempts to bring his inner being into harmony with the universal order of the visible Whole. Conclusion has followed conclusion ; war has trod in the footsteps of war ; and pestilence, famine, anarchy and crime, have many times desolated our fair and beautiful planet. The steadfast eye will, however, perceive that every great upheaving of the mental mass—every moral earthquake—has been followed by a period of transcending light, and brighter promise. As surely, then, as God from confusion evolved this globe on which we tread, with its gently sloping hills, verdant vallies, softly murmuring streams, singing birds, and merry-hearted groups of innocent children, so surely will He of the discordant notes in the human lyre, construct a grand and perfect instrument, which will give forth strains of the sweetest melody. Man is destined to become a unity ; and not only will spirits whose birth-place is the earth, form an eternal Brotherhood, but all spirits, from all spheres, will ultimately meet in holy, fraternal embrace.

Among sentient beings suffering is the natural result of imperfect conditions ; and while the purposes of the Almighty are in process of development yet unaccomplished, we necessarily walk in comparative darkness, and drink the bitter waters of anguish and discontent. But suffering has its uses, and at last works its own cure. Let the soul be bowed down with sorrow ; let the surges of despair sweep over it till the heavens close around, in the blackness which reveals no haven, no shelter, and it will rise from that boiling sea, washed, cleansed, purified, and so transparent that the soft light of Heaven can shine through it down to earth. This is the secret of the benefit of suffering. Being born of earth, we are earthly. We love its scenes ; we love its enjoyments ; we smother our aspirations, or merge them in desires, and content ourselves with the life of the senses, until comes the terrible thunderbolt that scatters our idols. Then wakes up the sleeping soul ; then does the spirit arouse itself, to leap into its native element—to recover, and put forth its native strength, that, victorious over Evil, it may bask in the sunshine of everlasting love, and hold high communion with the shining band, who have found repose upon the Father's bosom.

Our earthly life, with all its limitations, is a chapter in the soul's experience, which, if rightly improved, through all the eternal Ages will afford us joy.

" Strength is born
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts ; "

and with our being thus renewed we can go forth into the waste places, to give strength to the weak, hope to the despairing, and help to the faint and faltering pilgrim on the scorching sands of Life's arid desert. Not only do we become to others the ministers of gladness, but sorrow gives us to ourselves. By the latent spiritual energy which it awakens, we can make all the lower in our natures subservient to the higher, and convert the iron fetters of circumstance, and the leaden mountains of grief, into footholds in that " never-ending spiral " which leads to the gates of light.

Lonely wanderer o'er the waste of life ! droop not, despair not, for there is a glory and grandeur in this work of self culture, and thine hour of triumph will be one of intensest joy.

" Thy path may be the lightning's track,
Hewn out for thee through densest black ; "

but ever and anon will it be cheered by the murmur of celestial fountains, and glorified by the light of the eternal stars. There will come a time in the blessed future, when Earth will be radiant with the smile of Deity. There will come a time when our youth will no longer be wasted at broken fountains, nor our age burdened with bitter memories. Already are the mountain tops grey in the morning twilight of a better day, and the air is vocal with the notes of invisible songsters. God speed the glorious noontide-hour, when aspiration will be met, and the soul receive its fullness of the Infinite Life.

M. F. L.

Randolph N. Y.

SLEEP OF PLANTS.

Such was the highly poetic term by which Linnæus distinguished certain phenomena which seem to be, and which doubtless are, analogous to conditions of repose, or what is denominated sleep in animals. Light operates as a stimulant, of greater or less power, on all plants ; and to this influence leaves are more sensitive than other parts, and winged leaves more than those of any other form. The sensibility to light in plants of this family resides in the petiole, or leaf-stalk ; and when the stimulus is withdrawn the petiole becomes relaxed, and the leaves droop, folding themselves together according to certain fixed modes, by which the nocturnal position of each species is distinguished. Their manner of folding themselves to rest was particularly noticed by the daughter of Linnæus. They begin to droop about sunset, till they meet together on the lower side of the stalk. The terminal lobe then folds itself back, till it meets the first pair of leaflets, which fold themselves to the next, and so on till the entire leaf is folded. In the trifoliate leaves, such as Clover, the side leaves fold first, and in the Locust the leaflets hang down on each side of the mid-rib without meeting.

Light generally favors the expansion of the flower. Papilionaceous flowers, such as the Bean, Pea, and Lupine, spread their wings in fine weather to admit the sun, but close them at night. This is also true of the greater portion of compound flowers, such as the Dandelion. But the most wonderful instances of change for the condition of sleep, are found in the genus *Nymphœa*, of which our white Pond-Lily and the celebrated Lotus of the ancients are members. The Lotus of the Euphrates has been described by Theophrastus, and it offers almost an exact parallel to the habits of our own beautiful species. This plant rears and expands its flowers by day, closes them at night, and sinks below the surface beyond the reach of the hand ; but with the first appearance of morning light it gradually rises, rears its flowers above the surface, and reexpands them.

In all these cases the great irritability, doubtless, causes an exhaustion of the vital energy analogous to the condition of fatigue in animals, and when the stimulating principle is withdrawn, there is a natural tendency to rest, that the excitability may be renewed by a season of repose.

Some flowers expand later in the day than others, because they require a stronger stimulant ; but most flowers are in full bloom before high noon. The *Mirabilis*, (Marvel of Peru,) opens late in the afternoon, and the Evening-Primrose—*Oenothera*—not till after sunset. It is then a very curious and interesting sight to watch the unfolding

of its straw-colored flowers. These grow in long terminal spikes. When one of them has acquired sufficient force for expansion, the calyx, with an instantaneous action and an audible sound, flies open, while the petals unfold more deliberately. And thus, one after another, the flowers expand during the summer twilight, emitting as they open a most agreeable perfume.

Some flowers not only expand with the sun, but follow its course. This phenomenon was observed by the Ancients, and interwoven with their mythology. Clytia, daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, was beloved by Apollo; but being deserted by her lover, she pined away and was changed into a Sun-flower, the Heliotrope of the ancients. But this flower of Ovid cannot be either the Sun-flower, or Heliotrope, of the moderns, since he describes it as resembling the Violet. We have but one strictly nocturnal species, the *Silené-Noctiflora*; and that is said to have been introduced. The *Cactus Grandiflora*, one of the most splendid flowers in the world, blooms only at deepest midnight, and closes with the morning, never to open again.

F. H. G.

Facts and Phenomena.

NOTES OF MY PSYCHAL LIFE.

BY A SEER.

CHAPTER THIRD.

YEARS rolled by, and still I plunged, deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the soul-life. To such an extent was I absorbed in this existence, that I became an apparent misanthrope; for I have had, and still have, the reputation of an unsocial being, absent-minded, full of idiosyncracies, and partially insane. In fact, some persons have roundly asserted that I was completely lunatic; and yet, after all, they were compelled to admit that there was method in my madness.

One day, in the year 1842—I was living in Portland at the time—on returning from church, I felt an unusually warm thrill pass over and pervade every fiber of my system—the certain indication of a spirit-presence. However, I paid little attention to it at the time, and retired to rest. But, before I had been in bed an hour, I was taken up, and urged down stairs to the parlor, where Mrs. M. A. Clark and her husband, my hosts, were yet conversing, when I was compelled to utter these words: "My father died an hour ago, six hundred miles from here. Please take the date."

She did so; and, six months afterward, I ascertained that at that very hour, on the 29th of March, my father had thrown aside his worn-out vestment, and put on the garb of the Immortals. He appeared to me, and said that his trials were ended; the work for which he had been sent to this world was accomplished, and death was swallowed up in victory. "My son," said he to me, "there is no pleasure equal to that of dying, as you call it. While my body writhed in agony, as it seemed, I was floating in a sea of exstatic delight, and was bathing in the invigorating waters of eternal life and unfading youth, which gush forth, in an inexhaustible volume, from the shining Throne of the Omnipotent. Here, O, my son—here, in this Aiden, trouble is unknown—at least to me; for I have found rest. O, what a holy bliss—what rapture, in this land of ever-blooming youth and joy, awaits the mourning ones of Earth! Here, indeed, do the wicked cease from troubling; here, the weary are at rest. There are no debasing conditions, but all is elevating—all is pure."

Shortly after the above occurrence, I was seated, talking with a gentleman, when I felt myself leaving the body, as it were. A sharp, prickling pain in the head, told me that something unusual was about to occur. The head appeared to increase in size, three-fold, and from out the top of it I saw, as plainly as if I had there a hundred eyes; and a voice said, "I have come to give you your first lesson."

I then rose from my seat, made an apology to the gentleman, and retired to my couch, where I lay a short time in silent expectation of

something wonderful, but could form no idea what it was to be. Suddenly I felt myself out of the body. I knew that I was in the spirit—during which state I was shown the following

VISION OF JUSTICE:

I was sustained in mid-air by the arm of a Spirit-Guide, whose aural sphere I inhaled; and this imparted to me a feeling of vigor never before experienced. Far beneath my feet I saw a dark mass of human beings, toiling up a steep ascent. Thick, murky masses of cloud hovered over the face of the earth; and a wail went forth from that mass of human beings. It was deep and terrible—a voice of inexpressible agony.

High up the hill I saw a monument, surmounted by a golden ball, on which was inscribed, in lines of fire, the one word, "Happiness."

I turned to my Guide, to ask what was the meaning of all these things. She answered, "Wait and see;" and I did so. Presently I heard a wail, more terrible and awful than before. Then my Guide passed her hand over my brow, and, straightway it seemed as if my previously clear vision were augmented a hundred fold. "You are now in the first sphere of light," said my angelic Guide. "There are six others. Look! and note well all thou seest, and learn a lesson of Justice; for that now passing before thee is not a fiction; but, alas! a reality. The vision of mankind is clouded, and they cannot see as at this moment thou canst."

I now saw one prominent figure in the mass, who seemed near reaching the golden ball, for which all were striving. But just as he reached it, and an exulting smile illuminated his countenance, a blow, dealt by a treacherous one behind, hurled him headlong down the hill, where he soon perished beneath the feet of the advancing multitude.

Looking more closely, I saw that every one was armed with a deadly weapon, which he took every opportunity of plunging into his neighbor. Even mothers slew their tender babes, parents destroyed their children, and children their parents, until at length the cries of the dying sounded high above the din of contention and the roar of warring elements; for a dreadful storm now burst, in overwhelming fury, on the scene. The forked lightnings went on its shining way, carrying death and horror amid the reeling ranks. The instincts of savage beasts were quickened. There was no restraint, and their fierce appetites were satiated on human flesh. I beheld the wolves and panthers, and howling leopards, rush from their coverts, and mangle and devour all whom they could reach.

The multitude fled in haste, hither and thither, and I observed that no two went in the same direction. Sick at soul, I turned from the awful scene, and asked my Guide to explain.

"Not yet," she replied. "Look again." I did so, and beheld a new scene.

At the base of a hill I saw a cottage, and a woman whose skin was of the sable hue. In her arms she held a prattling babe—the son of her master—for she was that worst of things, made so by a crude society—a *Slave*. I saw her tyrant master ruthlessly drag her from her knees, on which she had sunk in prayer to God—prayer that the bitter cup might pass from her, and from the babe at her bosom. I saw the monster seize the child, and dash its tiny head against the rock near which he stood. I saw him at once a triple murderer. And I, too, poured forth a petition to the Holy One, in behalf of the thrice-murdered mother, and for justice on the demon at her side. I asked my Guide if there was a God in the Universe, and if so, why he should permit such scenes—why he did not strike the monster dead?

Again he turned, and said, "Behold."

The storm still raged. Suddenly a bolt of lightning struck both, the man and woman, dead; and the next instant I beheld them both as spirits.

"Now," said the Guardian, as she passed her hand over my brow a second time, "look more closely. Thou art in the second sphere of light."

I turned, and saw the same vision which I had just beheld; but now I saw that from each person proceeded innumerable threads of

light, which connected him with all the others. I saw that these threads of light proceeded from the heads of all the people, but were above their line of vision; for they had contracted a bad habit of looking down, instead of up, and, consequently, could not see the rays of light:

The scene changed, and I saw the murdered babe clinging to its mother, who, singing joyfully, soon passed beyond my sight, accompanied by a shining one, who had come to her on her advent into the inner world.

I then looked, and saw her former tyrant in Hell—not the mythological Hell, but worse—far worse than my fancy had ever dreamed of before. I saw him enveloped in a sphere of clouds, beyond which his vision could not penetrate. Its walls were of polished glass, and reflected, as it were, his very soul—his every act of life—while around him clung the most hideous forms of serpents. I saw a blue flame playing around, which seemed to convulse him with horrible agonies, while ever and anon a shriek, as of a strong man in despair attested the bitterness of regret; and woe unutterable was depicted on his countenance.

All around him, however, *outside* of his aural sphere, and beyond his range of vision, hovered an angelic multitude, who sang and rejoiced, as if in glee, over the sufferings of the damned; and whenever the victim uttered a shriek, they would swell the pæan until the very vault of Heaven rang with melody.

"Now," said my Guide, "I will explain that which thou hast beheld. The monument is fame; the ball is happiness; the hill is life; the wild beasts are the passions; the weapons are envy; the storm is human selfishness; the flight is the natural result of present society—universal repulsion; the rays of light are the principles of sympathy, love, and concord, which should bind all mankind together—which exist, but as yet lie beyond the range of sight, for man's vision is still to the earth—earthly; but if these rays were united—bound in one strong cord—men would attain the object so eagerly sought but seldom found—how, thou may'st easily perceive.

"The tyrant and murderer whom thou seest, by every act of his life contracted his sphere. The mirror is memory; the shrieks are remorse; the flame is conscience; the angels shout for joy, because they see that the fire is fast consuming all of darkness in that benighted soul; and the despair on his face is the consciousness of mis-spent time. I will tell thee no more, save that there is a still deeper meaning to all thou hast seen, which thou and others may discover, if ye search well for the hidden jewel."

I returned to Earth. The night had advanced twenty-one minutes since I left the external. I will state to you some remarkable things, shortly; but progress being a law, you must be content with the day of small things. I have had a visit from a Spirit of a long-past age, whose revelations in the fields of Physical and Metaphysical science will form the basis of a letter for one of your two valuable papers, either of which is an honor to the age we live in. P. B. R.

GRAVE OF THE REGICIDES.

A CORRESPONDENT from New-Haven writes thus; "I have found out the graves of the exiled Judges who condemned the unfortunate King Charles I. These men who dared to stand responsible for the life of England's legitimate sovereign, now rest within the same enclosure as Yale's classic Halls. No, I am mistaken; the ground they occupy is separated from the College Buildings, but is so near them as almost to lie literally beneath their shadow. If you ever visit New-Haven do not fail to seek out this spot. I do not know that they could have a more appropriate resting-place, with the State House of an independent Republic on one side, and a puritan church on the other. If their spirits ever hover over this abode of their earthly tenement they must rejoice to see the political and religious faith for which they put their lives in jeopardy now beginning to unfold the fairer fruits of progress in Truth, Wisdom, and the 'Beauty of Holiness.'"

PORTRAIT OF S. J. FINNEY: PSYCHOMETRICALLY DELINEATED.

BY MRS. J. R. METTLER.

[There may be some persons unacquainted with the fact, that the subject of the following sketch is the distinguished Speaking Medium, of Ohio. The reader who knows anything of him will readily perceive the wonderful integrity of this character.—ED.]

Coming into sympathy with this writer, beautiful plants appear before my vision. My heart is open to the Beautiful in nature, and I would love to connect this principle with the analysis of flowers, and the study of Botany.

The character now presents itself more clearly. I feel bold and majestic, as though the whole universe were at my command. Ideas are constantly flowing through the mind of this person. He seems to see into the far-distant Future; he feels intuitively what results will be, and forms his plans accordingly.

This person must be a great Orator. At times the mind seems to go so far down into the depths of things that few can appreciate or understand him. Language seems inadequate to express what he comprehends, and feels to be true. He is aspiring in his nature; he seeks for an elevated position, and seems, in some degree, to have attained to what he aspires. No subject will be accepted by him as truth, without first mastering its philosophy, or solving all its relations of cause and effect.

He might be a great politician. I feel as if I were standing before an audience, addressing them in language that produces a death-like stillness, so deeply is felt every word that is uttered.

The brain of this person is a most massive one, and very evenly balanced. In his arguments he carries the deepest conviction; and if I were to be tried for my life, I would employ, or choose him, to plead my cause.

With all this power, he has a wonderful depth of soul. Every word that is uttered seems to proceed from the heart. He is exceedingly fond of home enjoyments—would love a family much—and often sighs for retirement, where he could repose, and enjoy the comforts and beauties of domestic life. He is exceedingly fond of nature, and has a fine sense of the Beautiful. He loves an innocent prattling child. I should think him decidedly a lady's man; for he delights in the society of females, and loves them, not only for their beauty, but their virtues and intelligence. He would be winning and polite in their presence. He cannot endure the low and vulgar, and despises selfishness and deceit. He has a most extensive memory, and can easily recall incidents of childhood. He has an intellect that knows no bounds. "EXCELSIOR" would be an appropriate motto for him. His sphere delights me much, though I should feel quite inferior in his presence. The mental power is wearing out the physical. He must be a remarkable man.

FREAK OF ELECTRICITY.

A most extraordinary effect, produced by electricity, has just happened in one of the electric telegraph offices in France. A gentleman employed in one of the principal offices was in communication with one of his colleagues, when the electric wire for the purpose of transmitting intelligence happened to relax, and to come in contact with his arm. The electric current was passing through it, and the employee sustained a violent shock, which raising him from his chair violently threw him through a window opening on a garden. When he recovered his senses, he could not recollect his adventure, and it could only be conceived of by perceiving that his hair and beard, which were previously of a beautiful jet black, had become in various places as white as snow. It devolves on scientific men to explain this phenomenon, which will form an epoch in the history of Electricity.—[*Courier de l'Europe.*]



EDITED BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

The pages of the JOURNAL OF PROGRESS will be enriched occasionally by contributions from A. J. DAVIS, R. P. AMBLER, W. S. COURTNEY, J. K. INGALLS, and others.

New-York, October, 1853.

THE SPIRITUAL ERA OF THE RACE.

The present hour is full of significance. A close observer will not fail to perceive, looming above the clouds of despondency and despair where man couches his hopes of an approaching dawn, streaks of golden light, giving promise of a day of brightness and glory for the race. No longer do we dream, while Nature ministers at her myriad altars, to elevate man to a sense of his lofty position in the designs of the Creator. Rapidly are men awaking to the busy offices which every visible thing performs in the Divine economy, to impress the human mind with the consciousness of its vast capacities, and of its powers to derive lessons of wisdom from its own connection with the laws by which its existence is bounded. From the humblest ranks of society men are springing into the high places of thought, as if by the special fiat of the Almighty. Inventions of world-wide utility are the offspring of brains which hang over the plow, the loom, and the anvil, in the daily drudgery of life. Employment and occupation, even cares of a complicated and perplexing character, do not restrain the active agencies of the mind from shaping bright thoughts into brilliant things, for the blessing and comfort of society. All that Nature presents and all that Man executes seem to tend toward an emancipation of the race from the serfdom of hard necessity. The rights of labor, which are the rights of men—of men in the true meaning of that noblest of designations—are becoming respected. The follies of the idler, and the losses of the man of ease are regarded with general pity and sympathy—as if the very Universe and its intelligent beings, with one accordant spirit, were pressing forward in a work for the salvation of mankind—long held in the bondage of darkness, and now fitted by general progress, for an introduction to the freedom of light and knowledge.

There are many minds which behold only the external and merely worldly aspects of the reforms of this spiritual era. They discourse largely upon what has occurred in the domain of practical science and art in their own day and generation, viewing every new thing as the added means for facilitating their abilities to accomplish one end only—the accumulation of wealth. This idea is the besetting sin of society. The question seldom is what is a man gaining in mental or moral advancement, when we speak of his occupation, or of his plans,

but it is, “is he making money?” This is the common goal and god of mankind—the *ultima thule* of the soul—the ultimate purpose of its being and of its action. Men strain every will, nerve, and energy, in this one direction, heedless of the true nature within them, and alive scarcely to any higher object than external and worldly comfort. The brotherhood of man is lost sight of, in the selfishness of the individual aim—and the downfall of a brother, or of thousands of brothers, is deemed of no consequence, as the commercial car of Juggernaut rolls over their prostrated hopes and aspirations. The immortal part of man is forgotten. If the sense of its existence press through the crust of worldly desires, it is forced back to stagnate in its home, till the body and the wealth in which it has taken pride, have been scattered in dissolution, and the spirit commences to perform its destiny, by the active work for its own exaltation, which every individualized intelligence, in the very nature of its constitution, must undergo in the progressive processes of its being. We may deeply regret the low estimates that the acts of many men place upon their own souls, but we may hope, with the increased light illuminating the world, that their day of darkness will not long endure, even in this sphere of existence. The signs of the times are encouraging. They are inspiring. They forcibly teach men to abandon great gains for selfish ends, and to apply their labor, skill, and enterprise, for nobler purposes than mere accumulation. This country is particularly favorable to individual reform in this respect, and it is gratifying to find that men are frequently placing their mark upon the time, by practically exemplifying their convictions of the valuable uses which they may perform for their fellow men, during their lives, rather than directing their executors to do the work, so often ascertained to be a dangerous experiment.

We take courage, from the conviction of the association of the spiritual and material world, to believe in a still increasing usefulness from the thoughts and actions of men. We are quite certain that the sphere of practical science is to be wonderfully enlarged even during the present generation, because of the realization of the truth of the association of these two worlds, which animates men with more exalted views—incites them to make higher aims for the advancement of themselves and the race, and assures them of a hereafter of which they had no real belief, till its existence became a matter of demonstration, perfect and complete. Things are coming to light of marvelous import to the race—and the result must place all reforms upon a basis as solid as the Rock of Ages—not upon the weak hopes and feeble energies of men, whose faith has been half dead, in consequence of the difficulty of inspiring activity in the minds of the thinking and philanthropic.

The true way to reform men, in our opinion, is to impress them with the great facts connected with their own organization, physical and spiritual. These facts underlie all our hopes, all our duties, all our energies. Let us lose no time in making known what we realize, who have devoted patiently our best thoughts to an examination of the evidences which Nature is continually giving for the redemption of man. Each man has a duty to perform. Each man can do much to aid the cause of reform. Each man can do much to aid our efforts, and thereby place the main principles upon which true reform must be based, before the people. The labor we delight in is a worldly sacrifice. We mention it only, to inspire others with courage and with hope. Give us, then, all the aid you can. Make us a better instrument for the emancipation of man from

the fetters of hereditary opinion. Disseminate, readers of the JOURNAL, this paper to every region where its principles are not recognized, that men may know the truth, from the least to the greatest. Let no man forget that he exists in the Spiritual Era of the Race.

I. C. P.

NEW BOOKS.

THE BIRTH OF THE UNIVERSE, being a philosophical exposition of the origin, unfoldings, and ultimate of creation : by and through R. P. Ambler, New York ; Harmonial Association, No. 100 Nassau street.

This is a book of 142 pages, and was avowedly written without any apparent effort or labor on the part of its reputed author. In reading this work, the first thing that strikes one is the wonderful concentration of thought, language and power, which it exhibits. It would be difficult, indeed, to find even one superfluous word. It is impossible, in this brief notice, to do anything like justice to a work which might have as many commentators as there are pages, and yet not be exhausted, so vast and deep is the profound of thought which it opens. Surely no good Spiritualist would consider his library complete without it. Price 50 cents. Postage 9 cents.

BRITTON AND RICHMOND'S DISCUSSION OF THE SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS New York ; Partridge & Brittan.

This discussion, which embraces some of the most important topics of the Spiritual Philosophy, is now presented to the world in a large and handsome book, where the whole subject matter is set forth in due order and connection. All the Readers of the Telegraph are aware how ably the Respondent of the first series, and the Leader of the second, Mr. Brittan, sustained himself, and the cause for which he battled; and we have also to express our acknowledgments to Dr. Richmond for his contributions; for though he calls some hard names, and does not always group us, Spiritualists, in the most agreeable manner, his Letters are really valuable for the facts of spiritual history which they contain : and may he soon be able to make a better use of them.

BRITTON'S REVIEW OF BEECHER'S REPORT ; New York ; Partridge & Brittan.

It is well known that the Rev. Charles Beecher, in April last, read before the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn, a Review of the Spiritual Manifestations. This paper, which was characterized by a degree of true independence and moral courage, which, under the circumstances, were really heroic, had yet some fallacies, as it must have, or its author could not be an orthodox believer in the tenets to which he adheres. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Brittan for the able manner in which he has dealt with these, especially the most formidable, which is the assumption that the communicating spirits are generally mischievous, or evil. The trial of the question by the Facts is a most interesting and important chapter.

MRS. WHITMAN'S POEMS.

THE admirers of this highly gifted Lady, as well as the Literary world generally, will be pleased to hear that she is now engaged in revising her poetical productions, for the purpose of publication. The work is already in a state of forwardness ; and in the hands of Mr. Whitney, of Providence, it may fairly be expected to appear in that neat, tasteful, and elegant style, which is proper to the works of one whose prevailing characteristic is a tender and religious sense of the Beautiful. The plane of thought occupied by Mrs. Whitman is rather too

exalted for a popular writer, in the widest sense ; but wherever there is a true analysis of spirit and power, it must be seen that her genius presents one of the finest elaborations, in which the light and spirit of this age, and the power and beauty of all time, have yet been individualized.

The sentiment of the few lines below, is so applicable to the present era, that I have requested permission to publish it. The passage is from a translation of the second part of Goethe's Faust, and was never before translated into English, although the author himself preferred it, on many accounts, to the first part, which is so widely and popularly known. It is part of a consultation between Mephistophiles and the Chancellor, as to the best means of replenishing the Treasury.

MEPHISTOPHILES.

It seems that everywhere on this dull earth
Something is lacking ; here of gold is dearth :
'Tis true we can not sweep it from the floor ;
But wisdom can unfathomed depths explore ;
In mountain veins and dungeons manifold
Are piles of minted and unminted gold ;
And I, by spiritual force and trust,
In mighty nature, can obtain the dust.

CHANCELLOR.

Nature and spirit ! never christian spake,
Such words as these ! we burn men at the stake
For such profanities : foul words and evil !
Nature means sin, and spirit means the devil ;
And between both is hatched the abortive brood
Whose monster heresies mankind delude.

* * * * *

MEPHISTOPHILES.

By this, I see what wisecrackers ye are ;
What ye can handle not seems miles afar ;
What ye can grasp not is an empty shade ;
What ye divine not must all search evade ;
That which ye have not poised, of weight is stinted,
And no coin current save what ye have minted.

ANTIQUES.

NEAR by the residence of a friend, in the ancient town of Cranston, and about five miles from Providence, I went to visit a house, which is said to be the oldest in the State, numbering more than two hundred years, so that its history would almost cover that of the State itself. The old manor is at present occupied, by lineal descendants of the first proprietor—an aged brother and sister. I could not but sigh, when I first looked at them, that there was no one to slope and smooth their passage to the grave—no lesser age to graduate theirs—no youth to gladden them in their decline—no child-voices to cheer the unnatural loneliness, which had thus cut them off from the present world, with all its interests and associations. But when the eyes of the woman, who is now near ninety, lighted up with the intelligence of better years ; and lifting up her fine head, she sat erect in the superb dignity of the olden days, I felt that even there, under its most unfortunate conditions, old age had still a touch of poetry.

She related many stories ; and I lingered long, a pleased and happy listener—forgetting the external deformity—so true it is that all real power and beauty is in the soul. By her account the old place had once been very famous, and its walls were much more extensive than they are at present. In the early colonial days the fairs were held there, in the old English fashion ; and on one of these occasions an ox was roasted whole. In the times of the Revolution the continental troops were frequently quartered there ; and when they

applied for shelter they were never turned away. In this manner the family estates became greatly impoverished.

When Miss F. was a child of eight or ten years, the Narragansett Indians were frequent visitors. They were then numerous. They are almost all gone, now. A fragment of that once powerful tribe yet remain, on a small tract, which is all that is left to them of the broad lands of their Fathers.

The house is in good preservation externally, though within doors it still retains its primitive aspect. The low ceilings have never known the touch of plaster. They are supported by heavy timbers, which are now of a rich dark brown, with the smoke of ages. One of the antique windows, with small diamond-shaped panes, set in lead, still remains; and the others are all very small and narrow.

The wide kitchen fire-place has an oven seated back in the broad chimney; and as I stood in the capacious corners, each one with room enough to shelter half a family, I sought to recall the varied events and scenes, which had there been canvassed and unfolded. There the first settlers sat, with their long pipes, and while they dried their hunting garments, canvassed the affairs of the young colony; and then came the native Lords of the Soil, to drink cider by the fires, which were lighted with the trees of their falling forests. What wonderful news—what tidings—which have long since become history—were here discussed. What messages of love from good Roger Williams were here brought, which, could they now be recovered, would be worth a gem for every word. How did they gather together with earnest eyes to hear from the great Canonius—and the generous Miantonomo—the first and truest friends Rhode Island ever had! Then when the evil Destinies of Narragansett had rallied her strong ones, how did the cheek blanch with terror, when the deeds of the fierce Pomham, and the terrible Nanuntenoo were rehearsed; or when, with a mysterious whisper in the ear, some pale-faced messenger spoke of the great chief, who stood so long and so nobly at bay, the Patriot of Mount Hope—Philip of the Wampanoags. Then what loyal shouts and acclamations must have met the messengers of king Charles when the State Charter was announced! Think of the news from Bunker hill, and Eutaw, and Saratoga, and Yorktown! How it must have boomed, like the breath of cannon, as it was spoken in the wide-mouthed chimney!

These blackened walls have echoed the yelling whoop and war-cry of the Indian; they have been made musical with the early Hunter's song. They have lent their voices to the rallying cry of the young Republic; and when the contest was ended, they multiplied the shouts of victory! And they may yet witness the changes of another age. Silently they may come, silently go; for the deeds of the present are not sonorous; but there will be a work of power; and when the events which are now transpiring have become history, a grander page will be opened than the children of men ever yet have studied. Who may anticipate its revelations?

THE DEAD ALIVE.—A little girl about ten years of age, the daughter of one of our most esteemed citizens was taken sick a few days ago, and on Monday evening, to the poignant grief of her parents, apparently died. The usual preparations were made, the room darkened, and the body enclosed in a shroud, with the intention of burying it yesterday afternoon. But on yesterday morning the apparently dead girl revived, and terribly alarmed and frightened at the situation in which she found herself, with cries alarmed the household. She is since doing well.—*Norfolk News.*

TO THE FRIENDS OF REFORM.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE undersigned desires to announce to the friends of the Harmonial Philosophy, that he proposes to devote a portion of his time for the ensuing year, to proclaiming orally the truths of the New Dispensation. It is deemed that Lectures, illustrative of the divine principles of Nature, and unfolding the realities of Spiritual Science, may be made serviceable to the real interests of humanity in this age; and accordingly it is earnestly desired that this means should be widely and generally instituted, whereby the flood of progressive Light may be rolled yet more rapidly over the face of the earth. Arrangements for Lectures of the character here indicated, may be made by addressing the undersigned as below.

TERMS—will be adapted to the ability and liberality of the friends in places where lectures may be desired.

Address, R. P. AMBLER,
100 Nassau street,
New York.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

When we last noticed this exhibition, the interior arrangements were far from complete. Since that time a wing, of perhaps nearly five hundred feet in length, and fifteen in breadth, has been finished, and filled—on the lower floor with heavy machinery requiring steam to set it in motion, and on the upper floor with a large array of valuable pictures. The pictures of Dusseldorf appear to constitute a chief part, and that perhaps the most valuable that are on the walls.

We can not undertake to particularize what is to be seen in the vast edifice. To do so requires the space of a volume. All that we can do is to call attention to what, beyond all comparison, is the finest display of art and industry that has ever been collected together in the western world, and has only been surpassed in the eastern by the London exhibition of 1851. Infinite treasures of the Fine Arts, including statuary and painting, of the ornamental arts, and of the arts that are useful, are gathered from all parts of Europe and North America. Cunning work in silver, and gold, and precious stones, enter largely into the attractive parts of the exhibition. Specimens of the renowned Gobelin tapestry, and Sevres porcelain from the imperial factories of France, occupy a prominent place in the French department. From these superb combinations of the useful and the fine arts, there are a vast number of gradations in labor; but all are manifestations, nevertheless, of superior handiwork. There is, on the one hand, the subtle skill that has manufactured a perfect watch no larger in size than half a dime, and on the other, the craft that has made a decorative ox-yoke.

But the exhibition is not merely the products of ingenious art. The land and the sea have also both contributed their quota to give interest to the show. In short, there is truly every thing from every corner of the earth, that costs labor to obtain, or to produce. The whole scene is one of enchantment. To be seen, however, at the greatest advantage, it ought to be visited in the evening. Three thousand jets of flame pour torrents of light throughout the building; a fine band of music enlivens the place with its melodies, and thousands of gratified visitors give animation to the whole.

MAZE GARDEN is most attractive of the Crystal Palace surroundings. This picturesque situation, which has been fitted up for the reception of visitors, is attracting crowds daily, who are not only treated to a pleasure-hunt through the tastefully laid out grounds, and the Labyrinth, which gives its name to the place, but also to the true nectar and ambrosia of the hot season, creams and ices, besides innumerable other dainties. This establishment is conducted upon strict temperance principles.

Useful and Polite Literature.

TO MY CHILDREN.

"How many are you, then," said I, "if those two are in Heaven?"
The little maiden did reply, "Oh, master, we are seven."

My summer child, to thee I owe the boundless world of love
That flowed into my heart of hearts a fountain from above;
Pure, undefiled, it still flowed on, 'mid sorrow, care and pain;
It made the Earth a Paradise; Eve's Eden bloomed again.

My summer child, my eldest born! thou wert a welcome guest,
When first I clasped thee in my arms and held thee to my breast—
A little, trembling, fluttering dove, with folded wing and eye—
The slightest touch of mortal hand called forth thy feeble cry.

Years have flown by; but thou art prized as fondly as of yore;
For love, like God, is infinite—a sea without a shore—
Then tread Life's pathway still, belov'd, with Hope's wreath on
thy brow,
For surely none can seek to harm one good and true as thou.

I cannot read thy future, with its untried hopes and fears,
But should'st thou err, or lose thy way, I'll dry thy falling tears;
If thou should'st be a wanderer, and others say, "depart,"
Oh, come to me, for then, as now, thy home is in my heart.

Next came the little timid fawn, whose magic glance could wile
The hearts of all who gazed upon that rare unearthly smile,
While I, her mother, felt each hour that worlds on worlds were
mine,
And, turning from all outward things, I worshipp'd at that shrine.

A little harp that God had given I clasped with restless fear,
And trembled while I pressed its chords, the Giver was so near!
Oh, had I loved Him more, I know my love for her had been
As full, as deep, as infinite; yet all unstained by sin!

Those large, soul-speaking eyes were closed—that silvery voice was
hush'd,
And none but He who gave her knew the idol I had nursed.
'Tis well. Our sinless child now lives in a home not far away—
An angel visitant she comes, and cheers me on life's way.

And thou, my little nameless one, what shall I say of thee?
Who linger'd only one brief hour, then vanished like the bee,
After the choicest sweets are sipped from out the rose's heart,
Yet bearing precious food the while?—'tis thus thou did'st depart.

Thy little waxen form was laid within that hallowed grave
Which erst had opened to receive what I had died to save!
I yielded thee without a sigh, for thou had'st never known
One pang of earth—yet tenderly we claimed thee as our own.

Two buds of promise gone to God! and it was joy to know
That side by side those two would dwell—on heavenly manna
grow—

A tiny sister-angel call'd to share her home above,
So our two little flowerets bloom where all is light and love.

My April child, my only son, born in that month of tears,
Of smiles, glad sunshine, threatening clouds, which call forth anx-
ious fears;
Capricious, whimsical and mild, by turns, I know thou art;
Yet this same waywardness, perchance, has chained thee to my
heart!

Yet there are seasons when I gaze into a cloudless sky,
The blue, far-reaching azure, fills my soul with ecstasy;
But clouds creep on, the leaflets sigh, and the large rain-drops
fall—

We know not wherefore, but we feel a change is over all.

A child of nature, scanning still her ever-changing face—
The tiniest insect, grass, or flower, he hails with childish grace;
And shade, and form, and velvet leaf, are traced and analyzed—
The curious pebble, rainbow, cloud, each in its turn is prized.

I know not what his life will be; but tremblingly each day
I'll strive to guide my wayward one into the narrow way;
And oh, I'd gladly lead him forth from the pent city's mart,
To the green fields, where he should know the sunshine of the
heart.

Yes, there are four; my eldest-born and youngest one dwell here—
Four, though my other two now live in a higher, holier sphere—
Two upon earth and two in Heaven—ay darlings, it is well—
We would not call the blest ones back in our Earth-home to dwell.

E. N. O.

TWELVE STORIES OF ONE LIFE.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

THE SERF.

THE lofty ring of mountains which encloses the great plain of Bo-
hemia, stretched its vast wall quite around the horizon, and to the
weary eyes that now turned from point to point, as if seeking for
some way of escape, it appeared like a vast circular prison whose
boundaries were fixed, and inexorable.

A boy of some fifteen years had been driving a large collection of
cattle through one of the fine pastures that distinguish this rich val-
ley. Gradually, however, his steps were slackened, until at length he
turned himself slowly quite around, still keeping his eyes fixed on the
horizon; and then, with his face toward the west, he stood entirely
still, as if entranced by some all-engrossing thought. By this sign
you will perceive it was Uman; for never, when the sun went down,
did he forget his dear Father-land, where, to his poetic faith, the ex-
piring day-beams lingered longest, and the loving light was fondly
cherished in the soul of a happy and intelligent Freedom.

The boy has grown somewhat taller and stouter since we saw him
last; and there is a hardness and development of muscle, with an em-
browning of the skin, which speaks of severe toil and exposure. His
face also has an anxious and troubled expression; for the cares and
responsibilities of manhood have prematurely cast their burden upon
the heart of the child. But there is with all this a truer and deeper
moral tone, and a concentration of thought and effort, which, under
the influence of a stronger will, appears aimed with inflexible perse-
verence at the accomplishment of some great single object. This
object is the purchase of himself—the redemption of his plundered
rights—the resurrection of his martyred manhood; for he is yet, to
all intents and purposes, a slave; he is, in short, claimed by one of
the feudal lords of Bohemia, as a vassal, serf, or villein.

In this state, which is but one remove from absolute chattel slave-
ry, the victim is made an appurtenance of the soil. He is not so
much under the immediate control of the master; and although the
ultimate power of the latter is not at all weakened, he is permitted
to shirk out of the personal responsibility, while the protection of his
dependants is not so strongly secured, either by his selfishness or hu-
manity. Thus the results of Predial slavery are sometimes, if pos-
sible, even more fearful than when there is a closer connection be-
tween the master and slave.

But how, it will naturally be asked, came Uman here, appar-
ently cut off from the whole world, when at our last notice he was on
board ship, quietly pursuing his way to England, under the protection
of one, who, as it seemed, might open a higher plane of action, and
better opportunity of development to the aspiring boy. It is rather
more easy to ask this question than to answer it, because the details
of the case would be quite too long, and otherwise out of place here.
Let it then suffice, that while pursuing their way they encountered
a strongly-armed Austrian ship; and during the interchange of na-
tional courtesies, which were somewhat prolonged by a slight acquaint-
ance with some of the officers, and a calm which for several days
kept the two ships in company, Uman was noticed by a person who
had been sent abroad on some embassy by a Bohemian noble, and
was claimed by him, in behalf of his master, as a *villein-regardant*,
or serf of the soil. In this extraordinary claim it was asserted that
he was born on the estate of Koninggratz, one of the pretty princes
of Bohemia, and had been abducted several years before by his father,
who, regardless of the vassalage by which his people had been held
for many generations, he had thus boldly and feloniously broken feal-
ty to his leige-lord. It would be difficult to tell how the case was
fairly made out; but what with written details, which, from the won-
derful coincidences which they presented, must have been either de-
scriptive of miraculous points of resemblance, or have been forged
for the occasion, and the oaths of two freed men of the same estate,
the claim was tacitly supposed to be good, and admitted; though not
without much agitation and remonstrance on the part of Mr. Rey-

nolds, the English gentleman, who held the boy under his protection. All the others, however, looked very coolly and quietly on the matter. Uman presented himself to their astute eyes under the character of an alien. He had but just been purchased out of Algerine Slavery; and *this*, even if the claims were not sound, was something better than *that*. Why not, then, let him go peaceably. It would certainly be preferable to an English work-house, whither he would probably tend if left to himself; and thus the inviolable rights of a human being were coolly invaded and trampled upon; and Uman was once more torn away from his only friend, to be plunged into a new and untried scene of struggle, wrong and suffering. While this discussion was going on, the boy, who had made considerable additions to his small stock of English during the voyage, quite clearly comprehended its sense and spirit, as well as the bullying and swaggering of the Bohemians; and when there was a sudden silence, and Mr. Reynolds led him sorrowfully aside, he knew that all was over. But the jealous claimants would not trust them with a private interview; for they followed, and hurried the adieu. Mr. Reynolds had only time to place a small card in the boy's hand, which he enjoined him to keep carefully. Then he embraced him in a truly paternal manner, speaking only a few hurried words of love and blessing, and, apparently unable longer to endure the struggle, he went immediately down to his cabin.

The suddenness, as well as the terrible nature of the proceedings, operated with an electrical power on the mind of the child. The ships, the sea, the sky, all swam together. Everything grew dark around him, and nothing of life remained but the terrible consciousness of suffering, without power, and without help. He was suddenly plunged into a fathomless, shoreless, infinite gulf of black despair—and a spirit took possession of him, so strong he could not struggle against it, so shadowy he could not comprehend even its outlines, yet so real that it bound, and paralyzed, and crushed him. For days, and nights—how many he never knew—he endured this torture, comprehending nothing of the external life and forms around him—until at length, when he first returned to an observation of himself, he was so emaciated as to present the appearance of a skeleton.

With the revival of his individual consciousness came that of the condition toward which he was bound; and though he had but imperfectly understood either its principles or claims, and was far from being able to comprehend, or analyze them, yet he understood enough to know that it was only another form of slavery, and that his soul detested as the one most hateful thing. The white skin is a transparent medium; and through it we can easily see the wrongs of Uman; but let us—any of us—all of us who have need—look below the skin—down deeper, into the soul—and behold the insulted and crushed Manhood, that must yet, by an irreversible law of its nature, vindicate its power, and exhibit before men and angels the original and ineffaceable signet of the Almighty.

There was something so peculiarly revolting in every feature of the case, as made it far more intolerable than if it had had anything of a plausible ground to sustain it. There was such a stinging sense of wrong in the assumption itself; while it was urged so brutally on the one hand, and with a single exception, yielded up with such a phlegmatic indifference on the other, that with a return of consciousness, the unbound passions seemed to leap out of their torpor with a maniac rage and fierceness; and why he did not become permanently insane under that terrible conflict can only be answered by a fixed and determined Fate.

His usurping protectors, the chief of whom was Corporal Hantz, as it appeared on reviewing the case afterward—were evidently afraid that he would die; and for himself it seemed as if his body were an inexhaustible fountain of life, with a consciousness deadlier than poison—bitterer than fire—with a serpent coiling in the midst that should live forever—nurtured by the inconsumable depths of its own anguish. But what are words—what are pictures—what is anything that can be presented either to the eye, or ear, in the delineation of tortures which the soul itself, after having once passed over, cannot comprehend, but on which it looks back, as an infinite mystery, out

of whose depths came forth strength, which else had never been born.

There was a reaction. The madness passed away, and the strength came. In a moment, as it were, when he was writhing as if his every nerve were bare to the scourge, he grew calm, and his glance, turning inward, seemed to see a light in the distance; and then a thought of ultimate liberty, and the power of achieving it, was instantaneously awakened, and the soul was elevated to that abnormal view of its prerogative, in which everything is possible. He knew very well, by all former experience, whence had come this power; so he was not surprised when he saw his mother, brighter than he had ever yet beheld her, standing a little way before him.

There are moments in the life of such as have been subject to great and trying changes, when the whole power, which may have been accumulating for years, with a gigantic effort, suddenly develops and expands, and the soul, like the blooming aloe, by a seeming miracle, is unfolded into perfect flower; but not like the aloe is it put forth to die, but only to establish a stronger basis of character, a higher plane of action, and a more perfect mastery over all its capabilities and resources.

Never was this more true than in the case of Uman. Weakness, fear and doubt, with all the suffering which had grown out of them, were cast into the crucible amid the fires of that bitter struggle; and there came out thence strength, courage, faith, and a self-reliance that beheld nothing too high for it to reach—nothing too strong for it to overcome. From the crucifixion of the martyred child, came forth, prematurely indeed, the conscious, competent, and self-determined man.

Is there not in this abnormal development of power, which every strongly marked character at some period of its life exhibits, a daggerreotyped image of the soul's birthright and destiny? When it towers up so majestically, in its unconscious heir ship, to match and measure itself with the Infinite—when it reaches out into a Future absolutely without bounds—does it not shadow forth and testify of the infinite parentage, and of the life and power which are to be unfolded in that infinite progress, which is its heritage and destiny? Were there no other evidence of the soul's immortality, would not this, to all who have experienced it, be sufficient?

They who beheld the external shadows of all that was passing in the boy's mind, stood regarding him with astonishment, not unmingled with fear; for while they, in some degree, comprehended the changes that were going on, they seemed to feel the presence of some superhuman power. Meanwhile Uman himself saw only the divine form, which in that brief space was so clearly revealed. Untroubled by the scepticism of more learned minds, he did not doubt, or question what he saw; but with the simple and reposeful trust of a highly illuminated nature, he believed, because he felt and knew that the presence before him was actually his mother; and though not a word was spoken, and no semblance of artificial language was used, he was inspired with comfort, peace, hope, faith and strength, which the soul accepted and appropriated.

Slowly the vision passed away, and then for the first time the boy looked about himself, recognising his new position, and the persons of his captors. There was something in the ill-developed, heavy forms, and cold, phlegmatic faces, that were grouped around him, which were so unlike the symmetrical proportions, picturesque costume, and poetic temperament of the lithe and keen-eyed Orientals, that he almost doubted whether they could belong to the same species. But with a second glance he was better pleased; for he felt instinctively, that if the Germans had less poetry than the Moors and Arabs, they had more truth. There was also much interest manifested in the young stranger's behalf, and especially were Corporal Hantz and his two men, who were now conducting him to Bohemia, kindly influenced toward him; for they had witnessed his sufferings, and beneath their cold exterior lay a great deal of kind and true feeling, notwithstanding the strange assault which they had made on his personal freedom.

As soon as his returning intelligence seemed to demand some ac-

count of his position, Corporal Hantz drew near. "Poor child!" were his first words; for his large German heart was full of pity; but the exclamation was arrested on his lips; for he must have felt that there was something in the now awakened boy which he could not commiserate. But the real kindness of intention penetrated the soul of Uman; and presently, by the help of broken English and bad German, eked out with looks and gestures, they came to a friendly understanding. The sense of wrong died away out of the boy's mind, and there came instead a will to correct the evil by his own inherent power. After having partaken of some light refreshment, he set himself to know all the particulars of his situation. These would have been appalling to most minds in the same situation; but Uman was then too highly exalted to know a single fear. He learned in the course of the conversation that serfs of the soil were frequently manumitted—that they often, in fact, freed themselves—being permitted to labor, and accumulate property for that purpose. He learned also that the *peculium*, which was the Roman name for slave property, was not yet secure; for although the common opinion and spirit of the people might prevent its being taken openly, as it once might be, yet there were not wanting pretexts by which, in any emergency, or to gratify the covetous greed of the baron, it might be seized and appropriated without the consent of the true owner.

What a blessing it is that in view of any distant good, we look directly at the goal, without reckoning the intermediate steps, or seeing the path that lies between. Could we behold in perspective all the difficulties, sufferings and disappointments, which individually we may subdue, the heart would lose all its courage, and we should faint even before we are girded for the contest. Uman saw only what was possible because *it had been done*—and comprehended nothing of failure.

Finding by the laborious process of conversing by help of the small stock of English common to both, that the inability to express himself clearly, and the danger of misconstruction, were serious obstacles in his way, he resolutely set himself about learning the language. And under the instruction of Corporal Hantz, who continued to manifest great friendliness of feeling toward the young Serf, he had made considerable progress before the voyage was completed. By this means he was achieving good in several ways. The occupation itself, by absorbing the activities of the mind, which otherwise would have been corroding in painful thought, was a positive advantage; and at the same time he felt that he was not only preparing himself for his great work, but that he had actually commenced it. He felt also, while he was cultivating his mind, that he was ennobling himself—that he was taking the positive power into his own hands—and whatever his condition might be, it would still be negative to this Individuality, which he was determined to exalt. Could the soul of man universally be free, there would soon be no such word as Slave—no such thing as Slavery.

But after this long digression let us return to the boy, whom we left driving his cattle home from pasture. Around him were the smiling fields of Bohemia, where Nature is so strong and rich, and man is so weak and poor—where the horse, the ox, the sheep, and even the very dogs thrive wondrously, and only the human being wronged and impoverished. The green pastures were dotted with white sheep, and cattle of the finest breeds were either slowly winding their way to the farm-houses, or quietly ruminating under the linden-trees. Extensive fields of rye, wheat and barley, whose varying shades of green were beginning to be touched with gold, now and then gave room to extensive flax fields in their full beauty; and as they waved in the light wind the bright blue flower seemed to have absorbed and intensified the deep azure of the sky, that bent so smilingly above them.

Yet all this wealth, absolutely, was the production of servile hands. The accepted owners, by repeatedly usurping the individual sovereignty, and legalizing their robberies, had held a forced possession from the very beginning of the feudal ages. By thus obtaining possession, both of man and the soil, and monopolizing the products of

both, they are enabled to live entirely without labor themselves, and in a style of princely magnificence; but have they, in the abstract one iota of true wealth? Take away, only for one year, all those hard hands and strong hearts, that have labored and suffered so long and patiently, with only the fruits of *their* labors, and the puny lordlings would be either compelled to work, or perish by starvation. They might have accumulated all the artificial wealth in the earth, or under the earth; but it would not save them. Could bare, abstract, beaten Gold, be made a tiller of the soil? Would Silver, by its own force, go to work and build ships, erect houses, make roads, and bridge streams? Question the richest Diamonds of the South and East, and the most precious Pearls of the Orient, if *they* could sow, and reap, and gather into barns? Could even any amount of acres be made to put forth good harvests, without culture?—No. The idle Questioners would find, as yet they must, that in work alone is invested all true capital. By the conjunction of Mind and Muscle, and Heart and Will, all the wealth of the universe is wrought. All these, namely, intelligence, power and will, are, inalienably, every man's own. They are a part of himself—they *are* himself; and hence there can be no right to defraud him of their fruits—the fruits of his own labors—his own being. How weak and idle is it, then—how contrary to all true philosophy—to consider any form of property, apart from the products of these, as absolute wealth.

Suppose for the sake of illustration, that the people of a single city, having no resources but in themselves, should take the absurd fancy of converting all the products of their industry into money, gold, or gems, and neglect to provide themselves with materials for bread. They might pave their streets with coin; but would they be a rich people? Would they not rather starve, and die?

Something of this train of thought was passing through the mind of Uman, boy that he was; for though he stood in the place of the serf, being held in feudal tenure by one who chose to consider him as a mere appendage of the Soil—which is, in some respects, the most degrading form of Slavery—yet he was not really a serf; for if he had been he might have remained so. The instincts of his Anglo-Saxon race, with their strong determination to liberty, which had been nurtured so well in infancy, were not suffered to die in youth. In childhood he had continued to cherish them as a religious principle, because his mother had fed them by her teachings, and by the thrilling stories of his Fatherland; and in boyhood, after having been twice or thrice despoiled of his natural prerogatives, he came to reason and compare, and apply them as tests of right.

When he first came to Bohemia, Uman was a delicate child, who, for the most part during his brief existence, had fared daintily. He knew nothing of labor; and sufferings not here to be described were endured by him before he could match himself with the heavy frames of the Bohemian serfs, which had been consolidated by hard labor from the earliest infancy—nay more—by the hard labor of many generations; but when at length he came to equal them in the power of endurance, he soon surpassed them in activity, as well as in all those ingenious devices for the abridgment of labor, which are a strong feature of the Yankee genius. The mechanical skill, also, to which allusion has been made before, was now brought into requisition. In the winter evenings, during holidays and hours of leisure, which last he often secured to himself by some of these varied resources, he employed the time in cutting or working out devices for agricultural or domestic implements; and for the wonderful toys he made he was a general favorite with the children, far and near. By the sales of these articles he obtained a considerable sum, which was hoarded with a miser's care. He bound himself to his work with the stern will of a stoic, indulging in no recreation—no luxury—but this one—of working for freedom—and making himself, as far as possible, worthy of it; for at odd intervals he continued his education. He taught himself writing, and had already advanced so far as to read with pleasure and profit several of the best German authors.

In all these efforts he was assisted by Corporal Hantz, who, by the strangest inconsistency, after having assisted, as we Americans should say, to "kidnap" and enslave the boy, became his most zealous friend.

His conduct cannot well be explained but on the supposition that he was honest in his belief that he had assisted to secure a true vassal of his rightful liege lord.

But what is it which now inspires the boy with such sudden and electric impulses of feeling, occasionally mingled with an anxious and even gloomy expression? The sum, which, by mediation of his friend Hantz, had been named as the price of himself, was complete; for it had been counted within the very hour, and was, as he believed, safely deposited in the wallet which he had himself made from a stray scrap of sheep-skin, and which was consecrated by the deposit of his first earnings.

And there was to be a great festival that evening; for Koninggratz, the Lord of the Manor, was expected, and the peasants were to celebrate his return in a brilliant fete, with music and dancing. And Uman, too, although he had little zest for such entertainments, was to have his share of this; for he was to be made free.

It must be confessed that he hurried off his evening duties about the farm-yard with a very bad grace; and then he lightly sprang up the ladder to the loft, where, beside his small truckle bed, hung his wardrobe. He was soon dressed in his Sunday suit; and then, almost with a feeling of veneration, he carefully drew aside the covering of a small cavity in the thatch, and took from thence the wallet. But why did it drop from his shrinking hand, as if he had been stung by the touch? Gracious Heaven! there is madness in the very memory of that hour! It must be hurried over. The money was gone—all gone! There is no language that can describe his anguish. He fell prostrate; and there he lay; and no one enquired why he was not present. In the meantime the revel went on; but every note of the music was a fresh torture; and with every echo of the dance, and every form and sound of mirth, he was stretched anew upon the rack. At length he was seized with a desire to look the robber in the face; for he knew that Koninggratz had his money. He knew, indeed, that there was a want of cash in the treasury, and that the master of every household had been required to raise all the funds possible; but he had hoped—for he *would* hope and believe—that his little hoard was safe.

He went down and joined the gay throng that was moving toward the palace. He made his way into the interior of the building—how, or under what pretence, he knew not. He beheld the Lord of the Manor, the princely representative of a line of princes! Seated at a table with a few chosen and noble friends, he was clad in splendid apparel, and blazing with gems. And Uman stood in a low covert, where he could, unmarked, have a full view of him, and thought of the price of those diamonds, every one to be estimated, not as a fortune, but as the price of a MAN. He ran over, in his mind, the expenses of the revel—the rich wines—the golden cups—and all the details of lordly magnificence—and traced them all back to those simple hard-handed workers who were now so unconsciously making merry at their own wrongs, and absolutely at their own expense. He could hardly control himself. It seemed as if he must fly out, and clutch him by the throat, and, with the savage tenacity of a blood-hound, demand the restitution of his own rights and those of his fellows. How he was restrained he cannot tell to this day. He stood there for hours without stirring, and almost without moving his eyes; and an infinite sea of bitterness flowed through his soul, until it seemed as if the swelling tide of misery could never ebb.

But the Avenger was at hand. From gaiety the Lord of the Castle rose, at length, into bacchanal riot and disorder; but, regardless of his situation, beaker after beaker was filled and drained; and the red wine itself might have blushed for the degradation it caused. But at last the noble Koninggratz fell to the ground, in a state of beastly drunkenness. Then all hatred—all sense of wrong—left the heart of Uman, and he felt only a profound pity.

He went home: and, kneeling by his straw couch, blessed God that he could yet work, and be honest—that in his very serfdom was a true nobility, that could look down upon his lord and pity him. Then, amid all his friendlessness and utter poverty, and great loneliness of heart, where none came to pity him, or to share the bitterness of his

cruel wrong, he hugged his serf-chains to his bosom, and rejoiced that they were not the fetters of a degrading and brutalizing appetite.

He was not overcome. He went to work once more, with a will that was determined to achieve its purpose, or perish. And he did achieve it, notwithstanding many smaller disappointments, losses, and delays.

In a little more than one year after the evening just described, Uman once more presented himself as a candidate for liberty. Side by side with his friend, Corporal Hantz, he walked into those princely halls, and stood in the presence of his princely master. Then, and there, he drew forth the leathern wallet, which ever since his first loss he had worn, night and day, attached to his under garment, on his very heart. The price was paid; and, hardly conscious of anything external to himself, he turned away, and was leaving the place in silence—

“Boor!” exclaimed the haughty Noble, in a loud voice, “hast thou no word of thanks, no feeling of gratitude?”

Uman turned, and with his eyes fixed on the face of the speaker, and his whole form elate with a proud consciousness, he answered, “I only feel that I am a MAN; and if *thou* hast made me so, Lord of Koninggratz, I thank thee.”

The story of the Serf is finished, but the exodus of Slavery is not yet.

EFFECT OF LIGHT.

DR. MOORE, the celebrated metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind:

“A tadpole confined in darkness will never become a frog; and an infant, being deprived of Heaven’s free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholly idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is, in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of the houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun; and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors.”

THE APPLE-WORM.

FROM MR. HARRIS’S account of the Insects of Massachusetts, I extract the following particulars. The moth of this destructive insect begins to appear about the middle of June. It is then busy laying its eggs in the young fruit. It does not puncture the apples, but deposits the eggs in the hollow at the flower end, where the skin is most tender. When the young worm is hatched it eats its way to the core, and there feeds, until there is an accumulation of fragments, when it gnaws a round hole through the side of the fruit, and gets rid of the refuse by thrusting it out. The apples ripen and fall prematurely from this affection. When the apple falls, the worm is prepared to escape. It then hollows out a place in the bark, or seeks some other sheltered spot, where it spins a cocoon, thin and delicate as the finest tissue paper. Some of the chrysalids, probably the earliest, change to moths soon after, and lay eggs for the second brood; but most of them remain through the winter. If old clothes are hung in the lower forks of the tree, the worms will lodge in them, and may be caught by thousands.

For the above reason windfalls should be gathered as soon as they drop to the ground, and disposed of in a way that will destroy the worms.

PREAMBLE AND CONSTITUTION
OF THE
HARMONIAL ASSOCIATION.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, the mass of the world, robed with the veil of materiality, exist in a darkened and undeveloped state, being ignorant of the laws, powers, and relations that belong to Man, and therefore by necessity misdirected with respect to the true ends of human existence; and, whereas, the world needs to be thoroughly reformed and harmonized in such a manner that a new order of Society may be ultimately introduced, wherein the rights, privileges, and liberties of all classes shall be duly respected and secured, to the end that all may enjoy the freely-given and widely-spread blessings of God, and that the kingdom of heaven, which is harmony, may be established on the earth; and whereas, the dissemination of light and truth is necessary to correct the existing evils, and to introduce the New Dispensation here mentioned, by which means the human mind will be expanded and strengthened in all its faculties; and whereas, we, the undersigned, feel that we may become instruments for the promulgation of light and truth in the world, by engaging in a direct, practical and harmonious movement to this end,—

Therefore, Resolved, that we will come together in the spirit of unity, and constitute a united Organization, for the purpose of exemplifying, in an external and visible manner, the Principles contained in the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. This organization shall be known as the AMERICAN HARMONIAL ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE II. The general object of this Association shall be, as specified in the foregoing PREAMBLE, to disseminate light and truth with respect to the harmonious organization of society, and the true ends and aims of human existence. But the special and immediate objects of this Association shall be to place before the world, in the form of books, papers, pamphlets, tracts, lectures &c., the truths and principles which commend themselves to the developed reason of man as the substantial basis of all true Reform. And we would specify still further, that the ultimate object of this Association shall be to bring together under just and harmonious principles all branches of human art and industry which are essential to the welfare of society in such a manner that in every department of labor the efforts of all may be united to attain one common end, i. e., the comfort and happiness of the whole as a guaranty of the comfort and happiness of the individual.

ARTICLE III. The nett profits arising from the business transactions of the Association, together with all contributions in labor, money or property, shall be appropriated, under the direction of the Association, to the promotion of the objects specified in Article Second of this Constitution.

ARTICLE IV. The officers of the Association shall be an Auditor, an Actuary, a Recorder, a Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary.

ARTICLE V. It shall be the duty of the Auditor to preside at all meetings of the Association and to exercise a general superintendence over its affairs and movements; or, in case of his absence, the members present may elect a president *pro tem.*; it shall be the duty of the Actuary to take notes of the proceedings of the Association, including the motions and resolutions passed at each meeting, and present the same to the Recorder; it shall be the duty of the Recorder to faithfully copy in a book provided for this purpose, the proceedings of each meeting as furnished by the Actuary; it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive, preserve, and keep an account of, all monies belonging to the Association, and to cancel in its behalf all bills contracted in the course of authorized business transactions; and, finally, it shall be the duty of the corresponding Secretary to hold correspondence with individuals in different localities as may be deemed proper, for the purpose of explaining the aims and objects of the Association, and to solicit aid in its behalf,—and in case of absence, it shall be his

duty to furnish a report in writing weekly, with respect to the progress which he may observe, or the efforts which may be made, in furtherance of the great objects heretofore expressed. The above named officers are empowered to transact business for the Association.

ARTICLE VI. The officers of this Association shall be chosen by ballot, at every annual meeting, the election in every case being determined by a majority of votes.

ARTICLE VII. All individuals who will willingly and heartily subscribe to this Preamble and Constitution, will be considered as members of this Association; but those only who have made an investment, either in labor or capital, will be entitled to vote, or become eligible for office.

ARTICLE VIII. It is provided, that the further government of the Association shall be regulated by such By-laws as may be passed at any of its regular meetings.

ARTICLE IX. This Constitution may be enlarged, altered, or amended, at any regular meeting of the Association, by the decision of two-thirds of its voting members, provided that a proposition to this effect be submitted in writing at least one month previous.

R. P. AMBLER,

Corresponding Secretary.

NOTICE.

It has been found necessary with this number of the *Journal* to terminate its publication. Our subscribers should understand the reasons which have led to this result. The paper has cost, from its commencement to the present time, more than twice as much money as has been received for it. The burthen has fallen on a single individual, who can no longer consent to suffer alone for the promulgation of Truth. It has been thought best, too, to strengthen in every possible way the *Reformer*, published for the same purpose as the *Journal*. By placing all energy upon that, we may hope to sustain it, though it will be requisite to call on the friends of the New Philosophy to exert themselves in every way, to give all possible aid to that publication.

The money paid for the *Journal* will be credited on the books of the *Reformer*, and will thus tend to sustain that paper. Subscribers who desire to transfer the payment in behalf of some other individual, of course can do so.

I shall continue to give my best efforts, as far as possible, to the *Reformer*, and trust that it will receive the strong interest of every friend of our cause. We are struggling against the indolence, as well as the ignorance of the world, and it becomes the friends of a free press to be alive to the fact, that the labor now falls on a few individuals, who are making sacrifices far beyond any limit of reason.

This should not, then, be considered as a death, but rather as an absorption of the life of the *Journal* into a more powerful and vigorous system, that by a general concentration of effort, happy results may be obtained.

Grateful acknowledgments are hereby tendered to the contributors of the *Journal*, with a request that they will still unite with the former editor of that paper, to improve, and enrich the new field.

F. H. G.

SLEEP.—Few of our readers, perhaps are aware that the human body falls asleep by degrees. According to M. Cabanis, a French physiologist, the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the head and these last, sooner than those which support the back; and he illustrates this by cases of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking. He conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first, then the sense of taste next the sense of smell, next that of hearing, and lastly that of touch. He maintains also, that the viscera fall asleep, one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.

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